THE MEMOIRES OF Monſieur Du Vall:

CONTAINING THE

HISTORY

OF HIS

LIFE and DEATH.

Whereunto are Annexed

His laſt Speech and Epitaph.

——————Si quis
Opprobriis dignos latraverit, integer ipſe,
Solventur riſu tabulæ.——————

Horat.

LONDON,
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THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

Claude Du Vall.

Claude Du Vall was born Anno. 1643. at *Domfront* in *Normandy*, a place very Famous for the Excellency and healthfulneſs of the air, and for the production of Mercurial witts: at the time of his Birth (as we have ſince found by rectification of his Nativity by Accidents) there was a Conjunction of *Venus* and *Mercury*, certain Preſages of very good fortune but of a ſhort Continuance. His Father was *Piere Du Vall* a Miller, his Mother *Marguerite De la Roche* a Taylors Daughter. I hear no hurt of his Parents, they lived in as much reputation and honeſty, as their conditions and occupations would permit.

There are ſome that confidently averr he was born in Smock-ally without *Biſhopsgate*, that his Father was a Cook, and ſold boyld beef and porrage: But this report is as falſe as it is defamatory and malicious, and 'tis eaſie to diſprove it ſeveral waies, I will only urge one De-

monſtrative Argument againſt it. If he had been born there he had been no Frenchman, but if he had not been a Frenchman, 'tis abſolutely impoſſible he ſhould have been ſo much beloved in his life, and lamented at his Death by the Engliſh Ladies.

His Father and Mother had not been long married when *Marguerite* long'd for pudding and mince pye, which the good man was fain to beg for her at an Engliſh Merchants in *Rouen*, which was a certain ſign of his inclination to *England*. They were very merry at his Chriſtning, and his Father without any grumbling paid alſo then the fees for his burial, which is an extraordinary cuſtom at *Domfront*, not exerciſ'd any where elſe in all *France*, and of which I count my ſelf obliged to give the Reader a particular account.

In the daies of *Charles* the ninth of that name, the Curate of *Domfront* (for ſo the French name him whom we call Parſon and Vicar) out of his own head began a ſtrange innovation and oppreſſion in that Pariſh; that is, he abſolutely denied to baptize any of their children, if they would not at the ſame time pay him alſo the funeral fees, and what was worſe he would give them no reaſon for this alteration, but only promiſed to enter bond for himſelf and his ſucceſſors, that hereafter all perſons paying ſo at their Chriſtning, ſhould be buried *gratis*: What think ye the poor people did in this caſe? they did not pull his ſurplice over his ears, nor tear his Maſſe book, nor throw crickets at his head; no, they humbly deſired him to alter his reſolution, and amicably reaſon'd it with him; but he being a capricious fellow, gave them no other anſwer, but, What I have done, I have done, take your remedy where you can find it, 'tis not for men of my coat, to give an account of my actions to the Laity.

Which

Which was a ſurly and quarrelſome anſwer and unbefitting a Prieſt. Yet this did not provoke his Pariſhioners to ſpeak one ill word againſt his perſon or function, or to do any illegal Act. They only took the Regular way of complaining of him to his ordinary, the Archbiſhop of *Rouen*. Upon ſummons he appears, the Archbiſhop takes him up roundly, tells him he deſerves deprivation if that can be proved which is objected againſt him. And askes him what he has to ſay for himſelf? After his due reverence, he anſwers, that he acknowledges the fact, to ſave the time of examining witneſſes, but deſires his Grace to hear his reaſons, and then do unto him as he ſhall ſee cauſe. I have been, ſaies he, Curate of this Pariſh theſe ſeven years, in that time I have one year with another baptized a hundred children, and buried not one. At firſt I rejoyced at my good fortune to be placed in ſo good an air: But looking into the Regiſter Book I found for a hundred years back near the ſame number yearly baptiz'd, and not one above five year old buried. And which did more amaze me I find the number of the Communicants to be no greater now than they were then: this ſeem'd to me a great myſtery, but upon further inquiry I found out the true cauſe of it, for all that are born at *Domfront* were hanged at *Rouen*: I did this to keep my Pariſhioners from hanging, incouraging them to dye at home, the burial duties being already paid.

The Archbiſhop demanded of the Pariſhioners whether this was true or not? they anſwered that too many of them came to that unlucky end at *Rouen*. Well then ſaid he, I approve of what the Curate has done, and will cauſe my Secretary in *Perpetuam rei memoriam* to make an Act of it, which Act the Curate carried home with him, and

the Pariſh cheerfully ſubmitted to it; and have found much good by it; for within leſs then twenty years there died fifteen of natural deaths, and now there dye three or four yearly.

But to return to *Du Vall*, 'twill not I hope be expected that I ſhould in a true Hiſtory, play the Romancer, and deſcribe all his actions from his Cradle to his Saddle, telling what childiſh ſports he was beſt at, and who were his play-fellows, that were enough to make the truth of the whole narration ſuſpected, only one important accident I ought not to omit.

An old Frier, counted very expert in Phyſiognomy and judicial Aſtrology, came on a time to ſee old *Du Vall* and his Wife (for ſo we call him to diſtinguiſh him from his Son) They had then by extraordinary good fortune ſome Norman Wine that is Cider in their houſe, of which they were very liberal to this old Frier, whom they made heartily welcome thinking nothing too good for him.

For thoſe ſilly people, who know no better, count it a great honour, and favour, when any religious perſon, as Prieſt or Frier are pleaſ'd to give them a viſit, and to eat and drink with them. As theſe three were ſitting by fire, and chirping over their Cups, in comes *Claud*, and broke the Friers draught, who fix'd his eies attentively upon him, without ſpeaking one word for the ſpace of half an hour, to the amazement of *Claudes* Parents, who ſeeing the Frier neither ſpeak nor drink imagined he was ſick, and courteouſly askt him, Brother what ailes ye? are you not well? why do you ſo look upon our Son? The Frier having rous'd himſelf out of his Extaſie, is that Stripling ſaies he your Son? to which after they had replyed yes, come hither boy quoth he,

and

and looking upon his head, he perceived he had two Crowns, a certain ſign that he ſhould be a Travellour. This Child ſaies he will be a Travellour, and he ſhall never, during his life, be long without money; and wherever he goes, he will be in the extraordinary favour with Women of the higheſt Condition. Now from this ſtory the certainty of Phyſiognomy and Judicial Aſtrology is evidently proved, ſo that from henceforward who ever ſhall preſume to deny it, ought not to be eſteemed a perſon in his right witts.

Piere and *Marguerite* look'd upon the Frier as an Oracle, and mightily rejoyced at their Sons fortune; but it could not enter into their imagination how this ſhould come to paſs, having nothing to leave him as a foundation to build ſo great a Structure upon.

The Boy grew up and ſpoke the Language of the Country fluently, which is Lawyers French, and which (if I ſhould not offend the Ladies in comparing our Language with theirs) is as much inferior to that at *Paris*, as *Devenſhire* or *Somerſetſhire* Engliſh to that ſpoken at *White-hall*.

I ſpeak not this to diſgrace him, for could he have ſpoke never ſo good *French*, it is not in ſuch high eſteem there as it is here; and it very rarely happens that upon that account alone, any great mans Daughter runs away with a Lacquey.

When he was about thirteen or fourteen years old, his Friends muſterd their forces together to ſet him up in the world, they bought him ſhoos and ſtockings for (according to the laudable cuſtome of that country of inuring their youth to hardſhip) till then he had never worn any, they alſo bought him a Suit of the Brokers, gave him their Bleſſing and twenty *Sous* in his pocket, and threw an

old

old ſhooe after him, and bid him go ſeek his fortune: This throwing of an old ſhooe after him was looked upon as a great piece of Prodigality in *Normandy*, where they are ſo conſiderable a Merchandize; the Citizens wives of the beſt quality, wearing old ſhooes chalked, whence I ſuppoſe our cuſtom of wearing white ſhooes derives its original.

His Friends adviſed him to go to *Paris* aſſuring him he would not fail of a Condition there if any could be had in the *World*; for ſo the French call *Paris*. He goes to *Rouen* and fortunately meets with Poſt horſes which were to be returned, one of which he was proffer'd to ride *gratis* only upon promiſe to help to dreſs them at night. And which was yet more fortunate he meets ſeveral young Engliſh Gentlemen with their Governours going to *Paris*, to learn their Exerciſes to fit them to go a woing at their return home, who were infinitely ambitious of his Company, not doubting but in thoſe two daies travels they ſhould pump many conſiderable things out of him, both as to the Language and Cuſtoms of *France*, and upon that account they did very willingly defray his charges.

They arrive at *Paris* and light in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, the quarter wherein generally the Engliſh lodge, near whom alſo our *Du Vall* did earneſtly deſire to plant himſelf. Not long after by the interceſſion of ſome of the Engliſh Gentlemen (for in this time he had indear'd himſelf to them) he was admitted, to run on errants and do the meaneſt Offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Boucherie*. A houſe in thoſe daies betwixt a Tavern, an Ale-houſe, a Cooks ſhop and a Bawdy houſe, and upon ſome of thoſe accounts much frequented by the Engliſh his Patrons. In this condition he lived

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unblamably during ſome time, unleſs you eſteem it a fault to be ſcabby and a little given to filching qualities very frequent in perſons of his Nation and condition.

The Reſtauration of his Majeſty which was in 1660 brought multitudes of all Nations into *England* to be ſpectators of our Jubilee, but more particularly it drein'd *Paris* of all the Engliſh there as being moſt concern'd in ſo great a happineſs; one of them, a perſon of Quality, entertained *Du Vall* as his ſervant, and brought him over with him.

What fortunes he ran through afterwards, is known to every one, and how good a proficient he was in the laudable qualities of *Gaming* and *making Love*. But one Vice he had which I cannot pardon him, becauſe 'tis not of the *French* growth, but *Northern* and ungenteele, I mean that of drinking; for that very night he was *ſurpriz'd* he was *overtaken*.

By theſe courſes (for I dare not call them vices) he ſoon fell into want of Money to maintain his port; That, and his Starrs, but chiefly his own Valour inclined him to take the Generous way of *Padding*; in which he quickly became ſo famous, that in a Proclamation for the taking ſeveral notorious Highway-men, he had the honour to be named firſt.

This is the place where I ſhould ſet down ſeveral of his Exploits, but I omit them, both as being well known, and becauſe I cannot find in them more ingenuity than was practiz'd before by *Hind* and *Hannum*, and ſeveral other *meer Engliſh* Thieves.

Yet, to do him right, one Story there is that favours of Gallantry, and I ſhould not be an honeſt Hiſtroian if I ſhould conceal it.

He with his Squadron overtakes a Coach which they had ſet over night, having intelligence of a booty of Four Hundred Pound in it: In the Coach was a Knight, his Lady, and only one ſerving Maid, who perceiving five Horſemen making up to them preſently imagin'd that they were beſet, and they were confirmed in this apprehenſion, by ſeeing them whiſper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards: The Lady to ſhew ſhe was not afraid, takes a Flageolet out of her pocket and plays. *Du Vall* takes the hint plays alſo, and excellently well, upon a Flageolet of his own, and in this poſture he rides up to the Coach ſide. Sir, ſayes he to the perſon in the Coach, your Lady playes excellently, and I doubt not but that ſhe Dances as well, will you pleaſe to walk out of the Coach, and let me have the honour to Dance one Corant with her upon the Heath. Sir, ſaid the perſon in the Coach, I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good mind, you ſeem a Gentleman, and your requeſt is very reaſonable; Which ſaid, the Lacquey opens the Boot, out comes the Knight, *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his horſe, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They Danc'd, and here it was that *Du Vall* performed marvels; the beſt Maſter in *London*, except thoſe that are *French*, not being able to ſhew ſuch footing as he did in his great riding *French* Boots. The Dancing being over, he waits on the Lady to her Coach; as the Knight was going in, ſays *Du Vall* to him, Sir, You have forgot to pay the Muſick: No, I have not, replies the Knight, and putting his hand under the ſeat of the Coach, puls out a Hundred pound in a bag, and delivers it to him: Which *Du Vall* took with a very good grace, and courteouſly anſwered, Sir, You are liberal, and ſhall have no cauſe to repent your being ſo; this liberality of yours ſhall excuſe you the

other

other Three Hundred Pounds, and giving him the Word, that if he met with any more of the Crew he might paſs undiſturb'd, he civily takes his leave of him.

This ſtory, I confeſs, juſtifies the great kindneſs the Ladies had for *Du Vall*; for in this, as in an Epitome, are contain'd all things that ſet off a man advantageouſly, and make him appear, as the phraſe is, *much a Gentleman*. Firſt, here was Valour, that he and but four more durſt aſſault a Knight, a Lady, a Waiting Gentlewoman, a Lacquey, a Groom that rid by to open the Gates, and the Coachman, they being Six to Five, odds at Foot-ball; and beſides *Du Vall* had much the worſt cauſe, and reaſon to believe, that whoever ſhould arrive, would range their ſelves on the Enemies party. Then he ſhewed his invention and ſagacity that he could *Sur le Champ*, and without ſtuddying, make that advantage of the Ladies playing on the Flageolet. He evidenced his skill in inſtrumental Muſick, by playing on his Flageolet; in Vocal by his ſinging; for, (as I ſhould have told you before,) there being no Violins, *Du Vall* ſung the Corant himſelf. He manifeſted his agility of body, by lightly diſmounting off his Horſe, and with eaſe and freedome getting up again, when he took his leave, his excellent deportment, by his incomparable Dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the Hundred Pound, his Generoſity in taking no more, his Wit and Eloquence, and readineſs at *Reparties*, in the whole diſcourſe with the Knight and Lady, the greateſt part of which I have been forced to omit.

And here (could I diſpenſe with truth and impartiality, neceſſary ingredients of a good Hiſtory) I could come off with flying colours, leave *Du Vall* in the Ladies boſomes, and not put my ſelf out of a

poſſibility of ever being in favour with any of them.

But I muſt tell the ſtory of the *Sucking-Bottle*; which, if it ſeem to his diſadvantage, ſet that other againſt it which I come from relating. The adventure of the *Sucking-Bottle* was as follows.

It happened another time, as *Du Vall* was upon his Vocation of Robbing, on *Black-Heath*, he meets with a Coach richly fraught with Ladies of Quality, and with one Child who had a Silver *Sucking-Bottle*, He robs them rudely, takes away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the little Childs *Sucking-Bottle*: Nor would upon the Childs tears, nor the Ladies earneſt interceſſion, be wrought upon to reſtore it; till at laſt one of his Companions (whoſe Name I wiſh I could put down here, that he may find friends when he ſhall ſtand in need of them) a good natured perſon (for the *French* are ſtrangers both to the name and thing) forced him to deliver it. I ſhall make no reflexions upon this ſtory, both becauſe I do not deſign to render him odious, or make this Pamphlet more prolix.

The noiſe of the Proclamation, and the Rewards promiſed to thoſe who ſhould take any therein named, made *Du Vall* retire to *France*. At *Paris* he lives highly, makes great boaſtings of the ſucceſs of his Armes and Amours in *England*, proudly bragging, He could never incounter with any of either ſex that could reſiſt him. He had not been long in *France*, but he had a fit of his old diſeaſe, Want of Money, which he found to be much augmented by the thin air of *France*; and therefore by the advice of his Phyſicians, leſt the diſeaſe ſhould ſeiſe upon his Vitals, and make him lie by it, he reſolves to tranſport himſelf into *England*; which accordingly he did: For, in truth, the air of *France* is not good for perſons of his conſtitution,

conſtitution, it being the cuſtom there to Travel in great Companies well armed, and with little Money; the danger of being reſiſted, and the danger of being taken is much greater there; and the *Quarry* much leſſer than in *England*; For if by chance a Dapper Fellow with fine *black Eyes*, and a *white Peruke*, be taken there, and found guilty of Robbing, all the Women in the Town don't preſently take the alarm and run to the King to beg his life.

To *England* he comes, but alas his Reign proves but ſhort, for within few months after his return, before he had done any thing of great glory or advantage to himſelf he fell into the Hands of Juſtice being taken drunk at the Hole in the Wall in *Chandois* ſtreet: and well it was for the Baily and his men that he was drunk, otherwiſe they had taſted of his proweſs; for he had in his pocket three Piſtols, one whereof would ſhoot twice, and by his ſide an excellent Sword which managed by ſuch a hand and heart muſt without doubt have done wonders. Nay, I have heard it atteſted by thoſe that knew how good a Marks man he was, and his excellent way of Fencing, that had he been ſober 'twas impoſſible he could have kill'd leſs than ten. They farther add, upon their own knowledge he would have been cut as ſmall as herbs for the Pot before he would have yielded to the Bayly of *Weſtminſter*, that is to ſay, he would have died in the place, had not ſome *Great perſon* been ſent to him to whom he might with *Honour* have delivered his *Sword* and *himſelf*. But taken he was, and that too *a bon Marche*, without the expence of blood or Treaſure committed to *Newgate*, Arraigned, Convicted, Condemned, and on Friday *Jan.* 21. Executed at *Tiburn* in the 27th. year of his Age, (which number is

made up of three times nine) and left behind him a ſad inſtance of the irreſiſtible influence of the Stars and the fatality of Climacterical years.

There were a great Company of Ladies, and thoſe not of the meaneſt Degree, that viſited him in Priſon, interceded for his pardon, and accompanied him to the Gallows; a Catalogue of whoſe Names I have by me, nay, even of thoſe who when they viſited him, durſt not pull off their Vizards for fear of ſhewing their eies ſwoln, and their cheeks blubber'd with tears.

When I firſt put Pen to Paper, I was in great indignation, and fully reſolved, nay, and I think I ſwore, that I would Print this Muſter-role. But upon ſecond thoughts, and calmer conſiderations, I have alter'd my fierce reſolution, partly becauſe I would not do my Nation ſo great a diſgrace, and eſpecially that part of it to whom I am ſo intirely devoted. But principally becauſe I hoped milder Phyſick might cure them of this *French Diſeaſe*, of this inordinate *Appetite* to *Muſhromes*, of this Degenerous *doating* upon *Strangers*.

After he had hang'd a convenient time, he was cut down, and by perſons well dreſſ'd, carried into a Mourning Coach, and ſo conveyed to the *Tangier Tavern* in St. *Gile*'s, where he lay in State all that night, the Room hung with black cloath, the Hearſe cover'd with Scutcheons, eight wax Tapers burning, as many tall Gentlemen with loug black Cloaks attending; *Mum* was the word, great ſilence expected from all that viſited, for fear of diſturbing this ſleeping Lion: And this Ceremouy had laſted much longer, had not one of the Jugdes (whoſe name I muſt not mention here leaſt he

he ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of the Ladies) ſent to diſturb this Pageantry. But I dare ſet down a mark whereby you may gueſs at him, 'Tis one betwixt whom and the Highway-men theres little love loſt, one who thought the *Filon* had honour enough done him, that he was not buried under the Gallows.

This ſtory of lying in State ſeem'd to me ſo improbable, and ſuch an audacious *mocquerie* of the Laws, that, till I had it again, and again from ſeveral Gentlemen who had the curioſity to ſee him, I durſt not put it down here for fear of being accounted a notorious Lyer,

The night was ſtormy and rainy, as if the Heavens had ſympathiz'd with the Ladies, and *ecchoed* again their *ſighs*, and *wept* over again their *tears*.

As they were undreſſing him, in order to his lying in ſtate, one of his Friends put his hands in his pocket, and found therein the Speech which he intended to have made, written with a very fair hand; a Copy whereof (I have with much coſt and induſtry procured, and yet do freely make it publick, becauſe I would not have any thing wanting in this Narration.

DU VALLS Speech.

I Should be very ungrateful (which amongſt perſons of honour is a greater crime than that for which I dye) ſhould I not acknowledge my obligation to you fair *Engliſh* Ladies. I could not have hoped that a perſon of my Nation, birth, education, and condition, could have had ſo many and powerful charmes, to captivate you

you all, and to tie you ſo firmly to my intereſt, that you have not abandon'd me in *diſtreſs* or in *priſon*, that you have accompanied me to this place of *Death*, of *Ignominious Death*.

From the experience of your true loves I ſpeak it, nay, I know I ſpeak your hearts, you could be content to dye with *me now*, and even *here*, could you be aſſured of enjoying your beloved *Du Vall* in the other world.

How mightily and how generouſly have you rewarded my little ſervices? Shall I ever forget that univerſal conſternation amongſt you when I was taken, your frequent, your chargeable viſits to me at *Newgate*, your ſhreeks, your ſwonings when I was Condemned, your zealous interceſſion and importunity for my pardon?

You could not have erected fairer pillars of honour and reſpect to me, had I been a *Hercules*, and could have got fifty ſons in a night.

It has been the misfortune of ſeveral Engliſh Gentlemen in the timesof the late Uſurpation to die at this place upon the Honourableſt occaſion that ever preſented its ſelf, the indeavouring to reſtore their Exil'd Sovereign: Gentlemen indeed, who had ventured their lives, and loſt their Eſtates in the ſervice of their Prince; but they all died unlamented and unintercеded for, becauſe they were *Engliſh*. How much greater therefore is my obligation, whom you love better than your own Country men, better than your own dear Husbands? Nevertheleſs Ladies it does not grieve me that your interceſſion for my life prov'd ineffectual; For now I ſhall die with little pain, a healthful body, and I hope a prepared mind. For my Confeſſor has ſhewed me the evill of my way, and wrought in me a true repentance, witneſs theſe tears, theſe unfeigned tears.

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Had you prevail'd for my life, I muſt in gratitude have devoted it wholly to you, which yet would have been but ſhort; for had you been ſound I ſhould have ſoon died of a *Conſumption*, if otherwiſe of the POX.

He was buried with many *Flambeaux*, and a numerous train of Mourners, moſt whereof were of the Beautiful Sex: He lies in the middle Ile in *Covent-Garden* Church under a plain white marble ſtone, whereon are curiouſly ingrav'd the *Du Valls* Arms, and under them written in black this Epitaph.

DU VALLS Epitaph.

HEre *lies* Du Vall: *Reader if* Male *thou art*,
Look to thy purſe; *if* Female, *to thy* heart.
Much havock has he made of both: For all
Men *he made* ſtand, *and* women *he made* fall.
The Second Conquerour of the Norman Race,
Knights *to his* Arms *did yield, and* Ladies *to his* face:
Old Tiburns Glory, Englands Illuſtrious Thief,
Du Vall *the Ladies Joy*, Du Vall *the Ladies Grief.*

The Authors Apology why he conceals his Name.

SOme there are without doubt, that will look upon this harmleſs Pamphlet as a Libell, and invective Satyre; becauſe the Author has not put his Name to it. But the Book ſellers printing his true name, and place of abode, wipes off that objection.

But if any perſon be yet ſo curious as to inquire after me, I can aſſure him I have conjured the Stationer not to declare my Name ſo much as to his own Wife: not that I am aſhamed of the deſign, no, I glory in it; nor much of the manner of writing, for I have ſeen books with the Authors names to them not much better written; neither do I fear I ſhould be proud if the book takes, and creſt-faln if it ſhould not. I am not a perſon, of ſuch a tender conſtitution. *Valeat res Ludicra, ſi me Palma negata macrum, donata reducat opimum.* But upon other preſſing and important reaſons, though I am reſolved not to be known, yet I intend to give you ſome account of my ſelf enough to exempt me from being ſo pitiful and inconſiderable a fellow, as poſſibly ſome *incenſed Females* may endeavour to repreſent me.

I was bred a Scholar, but let none reproach me with it, for I have no more Learning left than what may become a well-bred Gentleman. I have had the opportunity (if not the advantage) of ſeeing all *France* and *Italy* very particularly, *Germany* and the *Spaniſh Netherlands en paſſant*. I have walkt a Corant in the hands of *Monſieur*

Monſieur Proveſs the French Kings Dancing Maſter, and ſeveral times puſht at the *Plaſtron* of *Monſieur Filboy le vieux*. Now I hope theſe qualities joyn'd with a white Peruke are ſufficient to place any perſon *hors de la portee* out of the reach of Contempt.

At my return from *France*, I was adviſed by my Friends to ſettle my ſelf in the world, that is to matry; when I went firſt amongſt the Ladies upon that account, I found them very *obliging*, and as I thought *coming*. I wondred mightily what might be the reaſon could make me ſo acceptable, but afterwards found twas the *ſent* of *France* which was then *ſtrong* upon me, for according as that *perfume decaied* my Miſtreſſes grew colder and colder.

But that which precipitated me into ruine, was this following Accident. Being once in the Company of ſome Ladies amongſt other diſcourſes we fell upon the compariſon betwixt the *French* and *Engliſh* Nation: And here it was that I very imprudently maintained even againſt my Miſtreſs, *That a French Lacquey was not ſo good as an Engliſh Gentleman*. The Scene was immediately chang'd, they all lookt upon me with anger and diſdain, they ſaid I was unworthy of that little breeding I had acquired, of that ſmal parcel of wit (for they would not have me eſteemed a meer fool, becauſe I had been ſo often in their Company) which nature had beſtowed upon me, ſince I made ſo ill uſe of it as to maintain ſuch *Paradoxes*. My Miſtreſs for ever forbids me the Houſe, and the next day ſends me my Letters, and demands her own, *bidding me pick* up a Wife at the *Plow-tail*, *for twas impoſſible* any woman welbred would ever caſt her eies upon me.

I thought this disgrace would have brought me to my grave, it impaired my health, robb'd me of my good humour. I retired from all Company as well of men, as of women and have liv'd a Solitary melancholy life, and continued a Batchelour to this day.

I repented heartily, that at my return from my travels I did not put my self into a *Livery*, and in that habit go and seek Entertainment at some great mans house; for 'twas impossible but good must have arrived to me from so doing. 'Twas *a la mode* to have French Servants, and no person of Quality but esteemed it a disgrace if he had not two or three of that Nation in his Retinue: so that I had no reason to fear but that I should soon find a *Condition*.

After I had insinuated my self into one of these houses, I had just reason to expect (if I could have concealed my self from being an English man) that some young Lady with a great Portion should run away with me, and then I had been made for ever. But if I had followed bad courses, and robb'd upon the high way, as the Subject of this History did, I might have expected the same *civilities* in *Prison*, the same *intercessions* for my *life*; and if those had not prevail'd, the same *glorious death, lying in State* in *Tangier Tavern*, and being *embalm'd* in the Ladies *tears*. And who is there worthy the name of man, that would not prefer such a death before a mean solitary and inglorious life?

I design but two things in the writing this Book, one is that the next *French man* that is hang'd, may not cause an uproar in this Imperial City, which I doubt not but I have effected.

The other is much a harder task, to set my Country men on even terms with the *French* as to the *English Ladies*

dies affections: If I ſhould bring this about, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf to have contributed much to the good of this Kingdome.

One Remedy there is which poſſibly may conduce ſome thing towards it.

I have heard that there is a new iuvention of transfuſing the blood of one Animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the bloud of a ſheep into an Engliſh man. I am againſt that way of experiments, for ſhould we make all *Engliſh* men *ſheep*, we ſhould ſoon be a prey to the *Loure*.

I think I can propoſe the making that experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all Gentlemen who have been a full year, or more, out of *France*, be let bloud weekly, or oftner if they can bear it; mark how much they bleed, transfuſe ſo much *French* Lacqueys bloud into them, Repleniſh theſe laſt out of the Engliſh footmen, for 'tis no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this Operation *Toties Quoties*, and in proceſs of time you'l find this Event. Either the *Engliſh Gentlemen* will be as much belov'd as the *French* Lacqueys or the *French* Lacqueys as little eſteemed as the *Engliſh Gentlemen*.

But to conclude my Apology, I have certainly great reaſon to conceal my Name, for if I ſuffer'd ſo ſeverely for only ſpeaking one word in a private Company, what puniſhment will be great enough for a *Relapſ'd Heretick* publiſhing a Book to the ſame purpoſe? I muſt certainly do as that *Iriſh* Gentleman, that let a ſcape in the preſence of his Miſtreſs, run my Country, ſhave my head, and bury my ſelf in a Monaſtery, if there be any charitable enough to harbour a perſon guilty of ſuch heinous *Crimes*.

FINIS.